

The most lamentable Tragedie

That to her brother, which I said to thee.  
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,  
Can doe no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.  
Oh what a simpaty of woe is this,  
As farre from helpe, as Limbo is from blisse.

*Enter Aron the Moore alone.*

*Moore.* *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,  
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,  
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,  
Or any one of you, chop off your hand  
And send it to the King, he for the same,  
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,  
And that shall be the raunsome for their fault.

*Titus.* Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*,  
Did euer Rauens sing so like a Larke,  
That giues sweete tydings of the Sunnes vprise?  
With all my hart, ile send the Emperour my hand,  
Good *Aron* wilt thou helpe to chop it off?

*Lucius.* Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,  
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,  
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,  
My youth can better spare my blood than you,  
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.

*Marcus.* Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,  
And reard aloft the bloody Battleaxe,  
Wringing destruction on the enemies Castle?  
Oh none of both, but are of high desert:  
My hand hath beene but idle, let it serue  
To raunsome my two Nephewes from their death,  
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

*Moore.* Nay come agree whose hand shall goe along,  
For feare they die before their pardon come.

*Marcus.* My hand shall goe.

*Lucius.* By heauen it shall not goe.

of *Titus*

*Titus.* Sirs strue no more  
Are meete for plucking vp,

*Lucius.* Sweet Father, if  
Let me redeeme my brother

*Marcus.* And for our father  
Now let me show a brother

*Titus.* Agree betweene

*Lucius.* Then Ile goe fetch

*Marcus.* But I will vse

*Titus.* Come hether *Aron*  
Lend me thy hand, and I will

*Aron.* If that be calde death  
And neuer whilst I liue deceiue

But Ile deceiue you in another  
And that youle say ere halfe

*Hee cuts off Titus hand*

*Enter Lucius*

*Titus.* Now stay your sword  
Good *Aron* giue his Maies  
Tell him it was a hand that  
From thousand dangers, bid  
More hath it merited: that  
As for my sonnes, say I acco  
As iewels purchast at an eas  
And yet deere too, because

*Aron.* I goe *Andronicus*,  
Looke by and by to haue th  
Their heads I meane: Oh h  
Doth fat me with the very t  
Let fooles doe good, and fa  
*Aron* will haue his soule bla

*Titus*